

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

## FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

If you think the following worthy the Literary Tablet, you have liberty to insert it.

LASSAN—No. 1.

*By means of evil speaking, MAN is often the foe of MAN.*

THERE is an evil speaking of others, which, at times, is highly commendable and necessary—so necessary, that if one neglect to speak evil of another, *thousands* may be injured by the neglect.

Charity and the good of the community require, that the vicious be evil spoken of, when some great ill can be prevented, or peculiar happiness promoted, by such speaking.

Frequently it is a duty to speak evil of others, for the sake of effecting their reformation. Without such restraint, many would proceed to great lengths in wickedness.

One is under obligation to speak evil of others, when he is legally called, by civil authority, to bear witness against their crimes. When thus called, the evident reason of the case will sufficiently justify his conduct.

It often happens, that one must speak evil of others, in his own defence and vindication. If a man cannot secrete another's faults, without exposing and injuring his own character, no charity will require him to suffer his own name to be defamed, for the sake of upholding the reputation of the faulty person. We ought to promote the good of individuals, in all laudable methods, but it is our first business to secure our own good name, and then that of others.

One may speak evil of others, when he finds it is necessary to warn a third person, who is in danger of being ruined by intrigue, or an unhappy connection; but though charity to a third person obliges him to give this friendly warning; he ought to take the utmost care, that the evil character he gives of another, extend no further than is necessary to accomplish the end designed.

Charity does not forbid one's making mention, in common conversation, of that evil of others, which is already made public; nor does it prohibit one friend's speaking to another, relative to the misconduct of a third person, when he is confident, that no bad use will be made of his remarks. But the *less* one speaks evil of others, even in this view, the better, though he do it without any malice, or ill design.

The above are the most common instances, in which it may be requisite and proper to speak evil of others; but there are cases in which evil speaking of others is highly censurable.

To be evil spoken of, without just cause, must be an injury to the innocent, and is always matter of trouble, and sometimes of grief. If the evil, of which they are accused, be not true, it may, notwithstanding, prove an irreparable damage. One's reputation is often dearer to him than worldly interest. In being deprived of it, he may lose the *only means* of a comfortable subsistence. And though an attempt be made to vindicate an aspersed character, it makes but small amends for the injury; because the vindication scarcely ever extends so far as the reproach, and because men are, generally, not so apt to spread the vindication; nor is it, commonly, well received after ill impressions have been made. It is often difficult to obliterate first impressions, though made by reports wrongly founded.

Should the matter of report be *true*, no man's character is considerably stained by evil rumors, without great detriment; and it is not strange if reports, passing through several hands, be aggravated far beyond the truth. The omission of a single circumstance may give the story an entirely different complexion.

A person's good name is more valuable than rubies. A wound, given it, sinks deep into the spirit and causes the most disagreeable sensations. The more innocent a man is, the more sensibly is he affected by false or magnified reports.

But the consequences of this vice are frequently *worst* to him, who *spreads* the report. By such a practice, he is in danger of acquiring a bad character himself, among those whom he would wish to please. If they are persons of discernment, they will readily conclude, that he speaks with as much freedom of them to others, as he does of others to them.

Evil speaking of others often terminates in revenge from the injured. A slanderous speech has cost many the loss of comfort, and some, the loss of life.

Although one escape both these inconveniences; yet much injury may arise from other sources. In this changing world, this great instability of human affairs, no one knows whose kindness he may, at some time, need. So that, did man consult his own tranquility, he would always refrain from evil speaking, except where really necessary.

## For the LITERARY TABLET.

WERE I to imagine the most happy situation which life can afford, it should be in a society, where envy is banished from the bosom of each individual, where every pure and generous sentiment is cherished, and where all the tender charities of life are considered as duties, which each one is emulous to fulfil. The members of such a society will daily experience that inward satisfaction, which far surpasses the luxurious revels of vice, or the thoughtless hurry of fashionable dissipation. Virtue is the

only guide to happiness. This will prove true in every situation of life; but the truth of it is rendered peculiarly conspicuous in the family circle. Here, if virtue be excluded, we at once bid adieu to every social enjoyment.

Friendship, the cordial of life, can never flourish but in hearts, refined by virtue, and alive to the voice of real woe. Perhaps no situation in life affords a fairer opportunity for the exercise of virtuous friendship, than the family circle. It is highly delightful to a sensible mind, to find, in those we esteem, a desire to oblige us; and nothing gives more pleasure than the reflection of having acted uprightly, in the discharge of every friendly office.

The family of Cleander is a proof that the above observations are true. Possessing an income sufficient to ensure him independency, he feels it his duty to assist those of his fellow creatures, who are distressed; and, by this means, rescues many of the unfortunate from wretchedness, and renders them useful to themselves and the community. His family have been instructed with the most tender and unwearied assiduity, and they well reward his pains.

The sons are well bred, generous and possessed of extensive knowledge. The daughters are amiable and agreeable, possessing dignity without haughtiness; and, although not exquisitely beautiful, they are recommended by the charms of an easy and genteel behaviour.

Desirous of rendering home delightful, they never suffer anxiety to cloud their cheerfulness; or fretfulness, or discontent, to interrupt the serenity of their minds. This little family have a society, composed of persons who are accomplished without affectation, and learned without pedantry, and of course they enjoy the charms of an enlivened, virtuous and graceful conversation. Such a situation a Monarch might envy, and in such enjoyments the most ambitious might wish to participate.

ZEPHELINA.

## For the LITERARY TABLET.

## EDUCATION.

IN a free country, like ours, nothing is of more importance than the right education of children. Much has been written on this subject by men whose understandings do honor to science, and whose examples are the best comments on the precepts they have delivered.—Any additional rules, or any new ideas, on a subject which has been so thoroughly investigated, are not attempted to be brought forward by the writer of this essay. All he expects, is to expose some errors, which are but too common in the education of children.

No one principle operates with such force on the tender mind as an ardent curiosity, if an aptness to imitate bad examples be excepted. While the first should be gratified with the greatest care and circumspection, the ut-



most solicitude is necessary to remove children from the bad effects and pernicious influence of the last. Parents in general, suppose it amply sufficient, to secure their children from the ill effects of bad example, as it relates to profane language at least, that their children are out of sight at the time of its being used. But it is not enough that parents order their children out of the room, when about to relate an obscene story, or make use of bad language. Indeed they had better let them remain than do so; for children's curiosity being awakened, and anxiously desiring to know the cause, they will by some unaccountable accident, become acquainted with the reason of their being ordered out of their parent's presence. The whole story had better be heard by the child, than the worst part of it; and in all cases I am of opinion, the parent had better let his child hear openly the worst he has to say or tell, than to order him away as is commonly practised. But I grant, proper observations should be made to take off the ill effects, which, might otherwise, grow out of the subject.

Still I am of opinion it has an unhappy influence on children, to be in a habit of telling stories before them at any time, or of any description.—I mean fictitious ones; or if they be true, those of a marvellous nature. Those of the frightful kind, are universally condemned as having the most pernicious effect. This description of stories, is generally told by domestics. But it is an evil, the existence of which alone, is sufficient cause of banishment. It cannot be compensated by any of those qualities, which are most eagerly sought after in those we employ to do our necessary labour. Neither fidelity, activity, attachment to the prosperity of their employer, or the most refined morality, is sufficient inducement to retain a domestic given to story telling. It is at once the most abominable and pernicious quality to children, that can possibly be possessed.

Children, instead of being frightened in the night, were proper measures taken in their education, would possess the same degree of courage they do in the clear light of day. On the contrary, however, we behold them in too many instances, terrified almost out of their existence, on their being left alone at the approach of darkness. The only reason of which is, their having had their tender and credulous imaginations, filled with accounts of spirits, hobgoblins, beggars, witches and wizards, with a long list of names, which have never found a place in the written language of any nation. If children were told that there was no more danger, as is really the case, in the night than in the day of any thing's hurting them, only that, not being able to see so clearly, they were more liable to accident, we should not behold so many parents, put to the disagreeable necessity of forcing their children to bed; or afterward to quiet them, obliged to leave the door of their apartment open; or of adopting some similar expedient.

But however disagreeable the effect of terrific stories may be on the courage of children, those of a light and laughable nature, have no less pernicious influence on their mental powers. The human understanding is not capa-

cious enough to contain every thing. It is, therefore, of primary importance, that children's heads be not filled with vain and trifling notions; for surely if they are, no room is left for better impressions. But it is vain to tell a man, who never says any thing before his children, but what is vain and trifling of this; unless he will be induced to change his strongly rivetted habit. Parents cannot take too much pains, most clearly to inform themselves; for without some knowledge, it is preposterous to suppose, they can well educate their offspring. Authentic history, geography, morality and even the bible, (though of late not thought worthy of a place among books of education,) may occasionally be read to great advantage. Even stories drawn from these fountains, may, sometimes, be related, without risking the child's courage or understanding; but told with judgment, may tend to invigorate both.

Much might be said in addition to the foregoing. But as it is only the writer's intention to expose some very obvious and very prevailing errors, he cannot be expected at this time to go into detail. But being very seriously impressed with the importance of a proper education, he has endeavored to suggest something that would be found useful in the management of a family. Should this prove to be the case, his object is completely answered. That the sons of New-England, and of the world, may be educated to glory and usefulness—that they may bear the fruit of virtue and patriotism on all their branches—that parents who are solicitous to do their duty, as it relates to their children, may see the best and warmest wishes of their hearts gratified, in their improvement, is the sincere wish of his heart.—Due attention on the part of parents, will in general, induce children to *rise up and call them blessed*.  
A. N.

## SELECTIONS.

### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

*JERVASE, the Painter, and CARTER, the Sculptor.*

CHARLES JERVASE, Esq. principal Painter to the late King, and also, I think, the translator of Don Quixote; a work which seems to have cleared the ground for the translation, as it is termed, of the late Dr. Smollett; has, by the wellknown epistle of Pope, been immortalized; though he had not, referring to his works, upon the score of graphic genius, much stronger claims to an apotheosis than his quondam pupil; yet he certainly had claims to immortality, if it were in the power of mortals to confer it, of a much higher nature.

His literary character has long been before the public, and consequently his merit as a writer long since determined; but even his friends and admirers have been less anxious to inform posterity of the many instances of his philanthropy and benevolence, which to them must have been obvious, and with which they might have adorned their pages. One of these occurs to me; and as the authority from which I quote is indubitable, I am happy to convey it to posterity.

Carter, the Statuary, or, as he was then termed, the Stone-Cutter, when a very young man, had a shed near the Chapel in May-Fair, indeed I think upon the very spot where the fair was formerly celebrated. His business was then confined to what may literally be termed the *lower branches* of his profession, such as *tomb-stones*, grave-slabs, &c.; for it is well known, in the common run of architecture of those days, sculpture was very sparingly introduced.

On this spot, and in this manner, Carter used to labour from day to day, from the rising until the setting of the sun. As he was one morning at work, he observed a Gentleman, rather in years, very plainly dressed, whom he had frequently seen pass by, and sometimes stop at his window, or enter his shop.

The Gentleman asked him some questions respecting his business; and the Sculptor, thinking he wished to employ him, displayed his small collection of models, and directed his attention to the works he had in hand. The Gentleman commended his industry, desired he might not hinder him; so, after some apology, he began to chip his stone. His visitor stood a short time observing him, and then departed.

Probably Carter was disappointed at this termination of the visit; however, he went on with his work. In a day or two the stranger, at a very early hour, called upon him again. The Sculptor scarcely lifted his eyes from the block, till a question from his guest, who asked, Whether he was a married or single man? attracted his attention.

He replied, that he was married to the best woman in the world.

The stranger smiled: "Have you any children?"

"One of the beautifullest infants that ever was seen."

Again the Gentleman smiled, and continued: "You seem a most industrious young man."

"Industrious!" said Carter; "one had need be so in these times: you see I cannot even afford to keep a labourer constantly: I do almost every thing myself."

"Do you want any money?"  
Carter started: "Want money? Lord love me! yes! I believe I do."

"Would a hundred pounds be of service to you?"

"A hundred pounds!" said the astonished Sculptor; Lord love me! why it would be the making of me forever."

"How so?"

"Ready money would enable me to purchase materials at a cheaper rate; to employ a journeyman; to extend my business: in fact, it would make a man of me."

"Do you know Clarges-street?" said the stranger.

"Lord love me! to be sure I do; it is but just by."

"You must breakfast with me there to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Who must I inquire for?"

"Mr. Jervase," replied the Gentleman.

"You want a job done?"



"Many," returned Jervase; "therefore be punctual."

"Ah!" said the Sculptor, "there's no doubt of that."

Whatsoever Carter, who had little connexion with artists, and therefore did not know him, thought of his visitor, is uncertain. He, however, in expectation of employment, took care to be punctual, and found that he resided in a very elegant house. Jervase received him with the greatest pleasure and politeness: during the course of their breakfast, he said, "Mr. Carter, I have for some time observed and marked you as a young man of considerable talents and unremitting industry, striving, I fear rather against the stream. I am happy that Providence has put it into my power to assist your efforts. Here is the hundred pounds which you seemed to think would be so serviceable to you. But as I know the necessity there is for capital in your profession, I by no means intend to limit my assistance to this sum. I have numerous friends and connexions, and will recommend you; and as your business increases, shall always be ready to second your endeavours both with my purse and advice."

It would be a vain effort to attempt to describe the astonishment and the gratitude of the Sculptor to his friend, whom he regarded almost as a supernatural being. He took the hundred pounds; and Jervase had the satisfaction to find, in a short time that his bread was not cast upon the water. Every thing succeeded with Carter, his business extended, and I think, he engaged in some of the new erections in May-Fair and its vicinity. Thus, by his ingenuity and industry, he realized what in those days was termed a large fortune. When very young, I was once at his extremely handsome house, I think in Halfmoon-street; and have been informed, that from this small beginning he died much richer than his patron.

[*European Mag.*]

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*Essay on the Character and Capacity of the Asiatics, and particularly of the Natives of Hindoostan.*

BY MR. EDWARD WOOD.

WE cannot be surprised that the effeminacy of the people in hot climates has almost always rendered them slaves. Thus there reigns in Asia a servile spirit which they have never been able to shake off; and it is impossible to find, in all the histories of this country, a single passage which discovers a free soul. We never see any thing but the heroism of slavery. Upper Asia has been frequently subdued by the Scythians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, Arabs, Moguls, Turks, Tartars, and Affghans; and the southern parts have been continually subject to invasions, and have suffered many revolutions. But with this inveterate pusillanimity and cowardice, it appears difficult to reconcile their cruel actions, their customs and penances, so full of barbarity; the men volutarily undergoing the greatest hardships—the women burning themselves. Though framed, however, of a texture so weak as renders them timid, they possess, at the same time, an imagination so lively, that every object makes the strongest impression up-

on them. The same imbecility of organs which renders them incapable of daring enterprises, where the failure may be attended by bodily pain or death, contributes to produce that remarkable apathy so peculiarly striking to European observers, when the Hindoo is in circumstances evidently desperate. That such a physical defect does exist will be allowed by all who have acted in a military or judicial capacity in the Lower Provinces of Bengal; it appears, indeed, to extend Eastward to Arracan, to Pegue, and to China.

More energy is apparent to the Westward and Northward. To the above defect, the accurate observer may trace, perhaps, the horrid human sacrifices, and the frequent public suicides of the Hindoos, so strongly denied by certain of their European admirers, but proved fully by impartial enquiry. Bigotted to the principles of their religion; prejudiced in favour of its high state of perfection, to the exclusion of all others; committing their very existence into the hands of fanatic priests, they are urged on to submit patiently to these inflictions, without once venturing, or even caring to enquire into the propriety or necessity of what they are about to undertake; not so much, however, it should appear, with a view of atoning for past offences, as of attaining a degree of excellence, which they are taught to believe these penances are capable of conferring.

Thus do climate and religion most forcibly conspire to determine the character of the natives of Hindoostan: the former paves the way for any impression the latter may be willing to establish, which once received, it throws, also, every obstacle in the way of its removal.

Besides the above, other causes concur in producing the like effect; one of which, the division of the whole body of the people into four orders or *casts*, may be considered as another of these causes; an institution acknowledged to have obtained prior to the records of authentic history, and even before the most remote era to which their own traditions pretend to reach. By this arrangement the station of every individual is unalterably fixed; his destiny is irrevocable; and the walk of life is marked out, from which he must never deviate, and whose barriers it would be impious to pass.

Speculating on a mere possibility, without any competent appearance of probability, it certainly is not difficult to assert, that the Asiatics are capable of a much higher degree of civilization; equal, nay, perhaps superior to the nation which now ranks highest and proudest in the scale of European politics. All judgment is comparative, and more particularly when it attempts to dive into futurity; unless when the imagination, "in a fine phrenzy rolling," spurns at every thing like experience, and indulges itself in contemplating

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire."

Admitting them, however, to possess faculties the best adapted for improvement, most, it should seem, of their peculiar institutions must be done away, before they are in a state sufficiently unbiassed and free from prejudice to allow of their attaining a much higher degree of perfection. That it is any part of our policy to

attempt, or even to desire, the removal of these obstructions, is a question involving many points of great political moment, unnecessary to be adverted to here.

#### ANCIENT LITERATURE.

Mr. l'Abbe Velia, a very learned professor of the Oriental Languages, in Sicily, has announced that he saw, at Girgentia, a volume of cotton paper, written in the Western Moorish character, which contains a translation into Arabic, of that part of Livy's history which is wanting. It goes from the 60th to the 77th. The last is not complete, and there are some chasms in the others occasioned by worms.—The 60th begins at the Epoch, when the Consul Aurelius subdued the rebels of Sardinia, after a very considerable slaughter, and went afterwards into Corsica, to punish those who had bidden defiance to him. The first book opens with the foundation of Aix in province, by the proconsul L. Sextius, from whom that city took the name of *Aquæ Sextiæ*.—The Abbe has already translated some of this valuable work, and promises to present his readers with a translation in Arabic and Latin, or Italian.

[*Mss. Mag.* (vol. 3d, p. 259.)]

#### A striking instance of Longevity.

In days of yore, a gentleman travelling thro' the Highlands of Scotland, happened to fall in with a man who appeared to be about eighty years of age, weeping bitterly: On inquiring the reason, the old man informed him that his father had just been whipping him—the gentleman's curiosity led him to visit their cottage, where he saw the father; and on expostulation with him on his cruelty in using thus his son, was told, that the young rascal had been throwing stones at his grandfather, who was at work in the garden.

#### ANECDOTE.

A QUAKER, who was a barber, being sued by a parson for tythes—*Yea and Nay* went to him, and said he never had any dealings with him in all his whole life; Why, says the parson, it is for tythes! Says the Quaker, *I prithee friend, upon what account?* Why, says the parson, for preaching in the church. Alas! then, replied the Quaker, *I have nothing to do with paying thee; for I come not there.* Oh! But you might, says the parson, for the doors are always open at convenient times. And thereupon told him he would be paid, seeing it was his due. *Yea and Nay* hereupon shook his ears, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, very hastily demanded why he put such a disgrace upon him; and for what did he owe him the money?—*Truly friend*, replied the Quaker, *for trimming, for trimming*, said the parson; why I never was trimmed by you in my life. O! but thou mightest have come and been trimmed, if thou hadst been pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine.

#### DIED,

At Wilton, (Con.) Mrs. Rachel Betts, aged 102, by a fall upon the ice.



## SELECTED POETRY.

*The voice of the British Isles.*

(Taken from the European Magazine for 1803.)

To the tune of "Hearts of Oak."

## I.

AWAY, my brave boys! haste away to the shore;  
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight  
coming o'er,  
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn;  
Let them come—we'll take care they shall never  
return:

For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly  
ring,  
United, we're ready,  
Steady, boys, steady,  
To fight for our Liberty, Laws, and our King.

## II.

They boast in the dark they will give us the slip;  
The attempt may procure them a dangerous  
dip;  
Our bold tars are watching in Ocean's green  
lap,  
To give them a long *Jacobinical nap*.\*  
But should they steal over, with one voice we'll  
sing,  
United, we're ready, &c.

## III.

They knew that, UNITED, we sons of the waves  
Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen, nor grovel  
like slaves;  
So, ere they durst venture to touch on our  
strand,  
They sent black *Sedition* to poison our land.  
But around all our shores *now* the notes loudly  
ring,  
United, we're ready, &c.

## IV.

They swore we were slaves, were all lost and  
undone,  
That a *Jacobin nostrum*, as sure as a gun,  
Would make us all equal, and happy, and free,  
'Twas only to dance round *their* Liberty's tree.  
No! no! round our shores let the notes loudly  
ring,  
United, we're ready, &c.

## V.

'Twas only to grant them the kiss call'd *fraternal*,  
A kiss which all Europe has found most *infer-*  
And then they maintain'd the effect could not  
miss—  
We should all be as *blest* as the Dutch and the  
Swiss!  
No! no! round our shores let the notes loudly  
ring,  
United, we're ready, &c.

## VI.

With lies, and with many a Gallican wile,  
They spread their dire poison o'er Erin's green  
isle;  
But now each *Shilalah* is ready to thwack,  
And baste the lean ribs of the Gallican Quack.  
All around Erin's shores, hark! the notes loudly  
ring,  
United, we're ready, &c.

\* "Death is an eternal sleep."—*Vide Robespierre's*  
*Decree.*

## VII.

Stout Sandy, our brother, with heart and with  
hand,  
And his well-tried *Claymore*, joins the patriot  
band,  
Now JACK, PAT, and SANDY, thus cordial a-  
gree,  
We sons of the waves shall forever be free,  
While around all our shores, hark! the notes  
loudly ring,  
United, we're ready, &c.

## VIII.

As they could not deceive, they *now* threaten  
to pour  
Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and de-  
vour;  
To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,  
Nor cease to destroy till Britannia's no more.  
Let them come if they dare—hark! the notes  
loudly ring,  
United, we're ready, &c.

## IX.

My sweet rosy Nan is a true British wife,  
And loves her dear Jack as she does her own  
life;  
Yet she girds on my sword, and smiles while I  
glow, [heads low:  
To meet the proud French, and to lay their  
And chaunts 'tween each buff, while the notes  
loudly ring,  
My Jack! thou art ready:  
Steady, boy, steady,  
Go! fight for thy Liberty, Laws, & thy King.

## X.

And Ned, my brave lad, with a true British  
heart,  
Has forsaken his plough, has forsaken his cart;  
E'en Dolly has quitted, to dig in a trench,  
All, all, for the sake of a cat at the French;  
While he sings all day long, let the notes loudly  
ring,  
I'm ready! I'm ready!  
Steady, boys, steady,  
To fight for my Liberty, Laws, and my King!

## XI.

Away, then, my boys! haste away to the shore,  
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight  
coming o'er,  
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, & burn;  
They *may* come—but, by Jove! they *shall* never  
return:  
For around all our shores, hark! the notes  
loudly ring,  
United, we're ready,  
Steady, boys, steady,  
To fight for our Liberty, Laws, and our King!

*The Tears of John the Hermit.*

THE sportsman oft, with unrelenting aim,  
Hurls his dire thunder at some warbler's  
breast;  
Yet oft the bird supports its bleeding frame  
On the lov'd bough where hung its parent  
nest.

Thro' the hush'd grove its notes of grief are  
heard,  
Whilst oft, with feeble wing, it strives to fly!  
'Till, fast expiring, mild and harmless bird!  
It drops, at last, beneath the thorn to die!

So I, deep wounded by the shafts of woe,  
Thro' the long day my wretched fate de-  
plore!  
Feel, from my heart, the purple current flow,  
And wait, impatient, till it beats no more.

+++++

*An Invocation to Death.*

I SINK beneath this foul-subduing wound,  
Ah! where for consolation shall I turn?  
Where may the balmy couch of *Rest* be found?  
—Some spirit whispers, "In the buried urn."

Then cease, my lyre to swell thy wonted strain!  
No more, in fruitless vows, I'll waste my  
breath!  
No more my tongue shall murmur nor complain,  
For, lo! I seek the marbled shrine of *Death*.

All hail to thee, whose never-erring dart,  
Or first, or last, all human-kind must feel!  
Behold a willing victim bares his heart,  
Nor let him vainly at thine altar kneel!

I view no horrors seated on thy brow;  
I feel no terrors at thy lifted arm;  
But bare my bosom to receive thy blow,  
'Tho' scarce with *youth's* impurpled current  
warm.

No! thou art lovely to my tearful eyes!  
To me thy face assumes the smile of *Peace*!  
To me thy voice is sweet, for "Come (it cries,)"  
"Come to my arms, and all thy pangs shall  
cease."

Strike then, O *Death*! and close this scene of  
woe!  
See! my bared bosom supplicates thy dart!  
O strike! and I will bless thee for the blow,  
And kiss the hand that medicines my heart.

I ask not this because a *world* will rise,  
Where *Bliss* will ever reign and soft *Repose*;  
Ah no! from that I turn my worthless eyes,  
And only ask an end to *human woes*.

## THE WISH.

*Coroner's 'Votum' translated.*

YE morning dews, thou health-inspiring breeze,  
Ye intermingling woods, ye tufted trees,  
Ye shady valleys, and ye grass-clad hills,  
Ye fragrant flow'rs that fringe the purling rills.  
Could I, alas! those joys once more obtain,  
Which erst I felt within my fire's domain.  
Yet still I wish beneath my vine-clad bow'r,  
Unseen, unknown, to wait for life's last hour;  
And when, my years thus haply spent, I die,  
'Neath some unsculptur'd stone, or turf-clad  
grave to lie.

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